

ing, and hangs in witching beauty from the pendants of the roof, which she has adorned, like a firmament, with a myriad golden stars. But for all the graces of these two spirits, they, like all others, must be controlled by judgment; for imagination would soon vanish, were Fancy to run wild over her work, to fret, for instance, some huge sustaining shaft into the resemblance of a pile of flowers. So soon as Nature is disregarded, Fancy will do this; and it is to this fault that we are indebted for those wonderful contrivances in which France excels, especially in the manufacture of household gods, such as a tea-urn, which article you may see made up of three lions, four pediments, a number of faces, some crocketed pinnacles, symphs twisted into handles, a cherub for a spout, and a palm-tree for a knob, all united together by means of sundry serpents growing out of flower-pots, and twisted round a few Greek and Gothic columns supporting an oriental dome for a lid, four sphinxes sitting on tails with flowery continuations round the precipitous rim, from which edge hang some six angels by the wings, with dolphins, indescribably knotty in their tails, swallowing their celestial feet; all this wonderfully contrived and beautifully worked, an astonishment among the nations, and a striking representative of chaos; and all this, too, to let water out of into a tea-pot! You will agree with me that there is enough elaboration in such a design to compensate for the simplicity of use to which the article is to be put. The judgment, which I have said must be a check on extravagance of design, is the result of exercising the mind in criticism, when, having first stored our imagination and memory with careful observations of the lovely works of nature, and the exquisite productions of the highest human genius, we begin to compare our work with that standard of excellence which study has erected in our minds; and by this repeated and sedulous comparison, we carry on a continual and sound improvement of our taste. Now it is no uncommon fault for men to begin to criticise when they ought but to be content to learn; hence it results that from attempting to judge of art by what can only be mere caprice in themselves, they form false and ridiculous notions, which, at the same time that they induce an empty vanity, utterly bar the way to the approach of sound ideas. The great poet Pope was also a great critic; combining in himself the knowledge of what was right in his art, and also of the manner in which to carry it out. But did he begin his studies with criticism? Quite the reverse. We are informed by himself that for years he read everything he could obtain possession of, and it was only when he had thus filled his mind with most copious information, that he began to compare and to criticise, and to reduce that information into the sound and accurate knowledge which rendered him so distinguished a writer. It is information which stocks the mind at first with ideas; it is reflection on this information which originates new ideas, and which produces knowledge. The one is vast, brilliant, and often comparatively shallow; the other is of less extent, but deep and vivifying. The one resembles the sunlit flood, the other the pure fountain of living water, parent of fertilizing streams. Now it must be information, so to speak, that we seek in early youth, because then the mind is most capable of receiving impressions of a fresh and clear stamp. I do not mean that hurried, desultory kind of information which is obtained by darting from one subject to another without pause, tying up the intellect in a Gordian knot, and sitting down with it entangled beyond unravelment for life—but the becoming well acquainted with the history, styles, and progress of our art; acquiring all those technical facilities which expedite our improvement; carefully considering great works and designs;—then, when we have thus stored our intellect, beginning, as it were, to sort our notions; and the universal authority of all the great will at least guide us to the best. Thus, having obtained some quality of judgment, we must proceed to apply it to our own works, and calmly consider in what they approach or fall short of those principles

of art which have been indeed known for centuries, but of whose truth we have satisfied ourselves. Now, there is nothing visionary in all this: the course of mental cultivation indicated is perfectly practicable, and is doubtless being practised at this time by many. Sure I am that it has ever been followed by great men in any pursuit; men who, like the great Duke, "have ever been fortunate by leaving nothing to Fortune;" men who, if they had genius, did not trust it to its own guidance (unlike many in these days, who first imagine themselves geniuses, and do nothing because of this mistaken fancy); men who, by every means, have endeavoured to educate themselves, and to work the rich, but rugged, natural ore of their intellect into beautiful and enduring forms. How are we to obtain information? By observation and study. How are we to obtain this creative knowledge? By reflection; in no proud and obtrusive spirit, that dares to poise its own feeble individuality against the collective genius of the past and of the present; but with docile and not vain mind. It is singular that these erratic intellects, that agree neither with the past nor the present, always declare themselves to belong to the future; but that future never comes; and they thus belong indeed only to "airy nothing," nor can they give even this "a local habitation and a name."

I have indicated the way to improve the imagination: the judgment, belonging as it does to the reasoning part, may be improved by the study of the mathematics,—for those that have not the disposition for these, of Bacon, Locke, Pascal, and the like. Do not think this has nothing to do with you. It cannot be too forcibly maintained that everything which strengthens the mind strengthens its parts. One would think this plain enough. This sort of reading is the more valuable because in the man of art the imaginative powers require a balance to make him great. I know it is irksome enough after a hard day's toil to sit down and wrestle with Locke or Pascal; but yet we have leisure enough if we choose to make it: we find it for the pleasure of our time of life; but youth soon passes away, and in our maturer years we regret that we never learned to live laborious days in the spring. This sort of regrets you may hear from every fifth man you meet. Besides, what man carried out more works in his time than Wren? But he was an excellent classic and one of the greatest mathematicians of his age. Mathematics to a moderate degree are immensely valuable to the architect in the study and practice of construction; especially geometry and its branches, which constitute a plain, straightforward science. Yet, with all I have said about the value of the mathematics, it must not be forgotten that the most important part of the artist's education is the cultivation of taste, by that study, comparison, and discrimination which were before alluded to. This must go on constantly, unremittingly: the eye must be ever watchful, the judgment ever on the alert; and while we insist on the study of nature, do not let any imagine we mean nothing by nature but mountains, forests, and floods; but the nature of man and his mental and material wants; the observance of everything which is what we call natural, just as we term other matters unnatural; for if we say that the attitude of a figure in a picture is unnatural, we do not certainly intend to remark that it bears no resemblance to a hill or an oak, or that it does not possess the curves of the declivities of the Alps. You might think this an unnecessary caution; but gentlemen may be constantly heard to quarrel with your advice to study nature, evidently deeming that you intend them to design buildings bearing some manifest resemblance to a wooded height or a landscape. Do these alarmed objectors believe there is nothing natural but these surface productions of the earth? Do they exclude everything else. Do they unselfishly exclude themselves, think themselves unnatural, call themselves monsters?

"The noblest study of mankind is man."

So much for the present. Our subject here begins to branch off into the application of

this imagination and judgment to the art of design; and I propose chiefly to consider it as affecting the treatment of different materials. Now, in making a design, many remain comparatively unconscious of anything but their pencil and paper. It is easy to draw the most amazing intricacies on paper,—to add line on line, curve on curve, and then to put them before you, and complacently contemplate the representative of twelve hours' time. The designer, lost in the luxury and inexpensive pleasure of building some immeasurable castle, begins, as he recovers, to perceive that it might be raised in a century at an unimaginable cost; and a friend who has just arrived informs him that he has utterly confounded all sorts of materials; and that, to judge from the treatment, wood might be granite, granite might be wood. He has, in fact, perpetrated a complete confusion. Now here comes in imagination. Why cannot one who is making a design fancy that he is now literally building, and remember the qualities and capacities of the material he is working with? What words are to the poet, colours to the painter, notes to the musician—such are materials to the architect; materials, gentlemen, make up your languages. You have one tongue of granite, another of stone, another of wood, another of iron, and another of brick, and, so to speak, a great many dialects derived from these. Why, then, if you are going to design in granite, should you think in brick?—why, if in iron, should you think in wood? Cannot you think in the language you are going to write? Does an English author reflect in French? Just as there are different terms in language, so there are different developments appropriate to material; and is it not plain that if you make in a design a total confusion of these materials, these architectural languages,—is it not clear that you build in very truth a Babel? No one will deny that the natures of materials are in many respects essentially different: this is unalloyable, that brittle; one of adamantine firmness, another ductile or fibrous, and capable of elasticity. Again, some are easily fused, or may be moulded in whatever form we please. This being the case, shall we treat the malleable like the brittle, the fusible like the fibrous? Or shall we build in that we can obtain in huge masses, in the manner we are constrained to adopt for some other, offered to us but in small portions? Would any one see the utility of hewing granite into the dimensions of the brick? I would admit, in a case of actual necessity, the substitution of one material for another, and its disguise to resemble the original, but it must be remembered that such necessity can rightly but rarely arise, although there may be many occasions from neglect or forgetfulness where it may seem to. Now, is it so heavy a claim on the imagination to require that throughout a design a man shall keep it in his mind that wood is not stone, that cast iron is different from wrought, that granite no way resembles glass? But it would seem to be so, when forms which have been found suitable to one kind of substance are deliberately applied to every other, as if there were no diversity of nature between them. See, also, how this stops the progress of your art! Suppose there are twenty materials which you subject, all of them, to the treatment properly belonging to one; you clearly lose nineteen opportunities of developing new and appropriate modes of design. In the Great Exhibition, the instances of failure on this head were almost numberless; but when I remember a certain design for a tomb in iron and porcelain, I do not hesitate to claim the chief honour of success in this particular for a member of this society. In the exercise of architecture, the mind of man carries on its struggle with matter; it delights to grapple with the rough masses around us; to conquer their stubborn passive resistances; to impress upon them the sign of its power; to stamp them with the mark of that victorious intellect which is the gift of the controller of chaos. And look how this matter still assists its influence, conquered though it be! The grand and ponderous gloom of Egyptian art seems to express the sullens of a giant ill subdued; it bears the expression of the chained